

CHUNG NGOI SAN PO.
(Chinese Daily Press).
PUBLISHED DAILY.
Is the best medium for Advertising among the
Native Community.

Hong Kong Daily Press.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

No. 10,855

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HONG KONG, SATURDAY, MARCH 11th, 1893.

第十四三香港

[PRICE \$2] PER MONTH

NOTICE.

Communications respecting Advertisements, Subscriptions, Printing, Binding, &c. should be addressed to the Daily Press, only, and special business matters to "The Manager."

Orders for exten-sive copies of the Daily Press should be sent to the Office, Wyndham Street, Hong Kong, or to the Agent, Mr. G. A. Anderson, Esq., 11 Queen's Road, Canton, who will forward them by express.

After the hour the supply is limited.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until demanded.

Telegraphic Address Press.

P. O. Box 20 Telephone No. 12.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

ENGAGEMENT BY AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID. She is willing to work for her Passage Home.

Apply to

A. B. *the Daily Press Office.*

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [633]

BOXING TOURNAMENT.

A BOXING TOURNAMENT will be held at THE RAILWAY HOTEL or THURSDAY, at the RAILWAY HOTEL to commence at 9 P.M.

CONTESTORS.

BROWN, RYAN, JOHNSON,
GOWANS, THOMAS, WILSON,
BUCKETT, WALKER, CAINE,
WAKE, and an Unknown.

ADMISSION—Two Dollars.

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [634]

HONGKONG "ODD VOLUMES."

THE NEXT MEETING will be held at the HONGKONG HOTEL or THURSDAY, March 10th, at 1.30 P.M.

STEWART'S DISCUSSION.

"WHAT DOES HONGKONG WANT?"

Ladies are invited.

S. JEFFREY,

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [632]

HONGKONG ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ANNUAL MEETING.

SATURDAY, 25th MARCH, 1893,

to be held

on the RACE-COURSE.

under the Laws of the A.A. Association; open

to Gentlemen Athletes who are Members

of one of the HONGKONG CLUBS.

GERMANY, LUSTIGEN CITY, CRICKET, OR

VICTORIA RECREATION CLUB, and to Officers

of His Majesty's SERVICE.

Entries to be sent in on or before FRIDAY,

the 17th March, 1893.

A. DENISON,

Hon. Secretary.

HONGKONG PROGRAMME.

1.—120 YARDS FLAT RACE (Handicap).

2.—WIDE JUMP.

3.—200 YARDS FLAT RACE (Handicap).

4.—HALF-MILE FLAT RACE (Handicap), Open

to Soldiers, Sailors and Police.

5.—HALF-MILE FLAT RACE, 20 Yards, 10 Flights

(Handicap).

6.—HIGH JUMP.

7.—BICYCLE RACE (Handicap). One Mile.

8.—100 YARDS CHALLENGE CUP.

9.—QUARTER-MILE, open to Soldiers, Sailors, and Police.

10.—INTERCROTING THE CRICKET BALL.

11.—MILE CHALLENGE CUP.

12.—MILE CHALLENGE CUP.

13.—Verstern's Race 100 Yards (Handicap).

10 Years in the March and over 35 years of age.

14.—INTERNATIONAL TUG-OF-WAR, 8 men a side.

15.—DOUGLAS CHALLENGE CUP. Quarter-mile Flat.

16.—CONSOLATION RACE.

The numbers do not necessarily represent the order in which the Events will take place.

Entry Forms can be obtained at the Hong Kong Club, Club Germania, City, Lumutian, Cricket, and Victoria Recreation Club or on application to the Hon. Secretary.

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [631]

PUBLIC AUCTION OF VALUABLE LEASEHOLD PROPERTY.

site at Victoria, Hong Kong.

TO BE SOLD

by order of the Mortgagor.

ON THE 23rd day of MARCH, 1893,

at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon,

at the Premises.

All that Part of Ground being

all that Portion of Section F of Land

Lot No. 11 and registered in the Land Office as

SUB-SECTION 1 of SECTION F of LAND LOT No. 11, together with the Messes

thereof known as Nos. 8 and 10, Tung

Shing Lane, Victoria aforesaid.

For further particulars and Condition of Sale, apply to

CHAS. D. WILKINSON,

Soldier,

or

GEO. P. LAMBERT,

Auctioneer,

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [632]

THE EQUITABLE'S

TONTINE SYSTEM OF ASSUR

ANCE SUPPLIES THE PUBLIC

DEMAND, because it gives all the

protection furnished by any other kind

of life assurance,

and in addition

Gives large cash returns to those

policy-holders whose lives are pro

longed, and who then need money

rather than assurance.

To effect assurances or for further

information apply to

SHEWAN & CO., Agents;

or to

J. T. HAMILTON,

Manager for the East.

The Equitable Life Assurance

Society of U.S.

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [632]

"SHIRE" LINE OF STEAMERS.

FOR KOBE AND YOKOHAMA.

THE STEAMSHIP

"BEDFORDSHIRE."

Captain F. Davies, Esq., will be despatched as

above on MONDAY, the 18th inst., at Noon,

instead of as previously advertised.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.,

Agents.

Hong Kong, 10th March, 1893. [651]

STEAM TO SOUTHERN AND BOMBAY,

(Calling at COLOMBO if sufficient in-

ment offers).

THE P. & C. N. Co.'s Steamship

Agents.

Hong Kong, 10th March, 1893. [651]

STEAM TO STRAITS AND BOMBAY,

(Calling at COLOMBO if sufficient in-

ment offers).

THE P. & C. N. Co.'s Steamship

Agents.

Hong Kong, 10th March, 1893. [651]

"NUZAM."

Captain F. N. Tillard, will leave for the above

places on SATURDAY, the 15th inst., at Noon,

instead of as previously advertised.

For Freight, apply to

H. H. JOSEPH,

Superintendent.

Hong Kong, 11th March, 1893. [650]

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[Now First Published.]

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE
A SENSATIONAL STORY OF LOVE AND CRIME.
BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

AUTHOR OF "289 B. THE STORY OF A DOUBLE LIFE," "THE MYSTERY OF A MILLIONAIRE'S GRAVE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN A GREEN LAGOON.

Frank McNaughton did not land at the first little island in the green lagoon that they came to. Sail was lowered and cars not out, and he pulled in through and finally reached the dugout, the sides all cut off of what appeared to be a log boat.

"The first to jump on shore was Rover; Cholly followed, and Rachel lastly after him.

Then the boat was hauled ashore, and right up through the bush, where it was perfectly hidden in a copse of plantation trees.

"And now, William dear," said Cholly, "after all, we're alone man! What would it mean to us to reach the inner man? What am you to answer, William?"

"Very good; but world it not be quite as well to call breakfast? Look yonder!"

Both Cholly and Rachel looked in the direction indicated. Up and up, higher and higher, a bright orange dusk was rising above the master sky, while the feathers stood that had been visible before now assumed the most dazzling hues of crimson and gold. The effects were inexpressibly beautiful, for so clear was the air that the daylight with its glory seemed to abash the night and its stars faded into the west, and extinguish them one by one in the setting from the east.

The stars were few, and the little green islands borrowed the hues of the sky and reflected all its splendour of cloud and colouring. And birds began to wake into song, emitting many peevish twitters at first, as if they could hardly believe that day was indeed begun, but then lapsing into low, melodious hums, and finally, after eight notes, that it seemed the sun had risen.

And now, as the sun set at first in the orange glow, but soon getting clear and bright as a burnished silver shield. There came a wider song of birds and the hymn of myriad insects, and our Crusoe knew that day had indeed begun.

Frank and Cholly now busied themselves in getting breakfast.

The sun had been kind after all, and had given the marooned men a chance for life, for here were stores of dried meat and a bag of biscuits, "say nothing of fresh soft wafers to wash the food down with."

"Dear William," said Cholly, "I consider that a most pleasant way of being marooned. Pass your plate and fair Rachel's, will mean your part, I suppose, but, really, these are a treat. William, what is it?"

"Kum, Cholly."

"Kum, William! why, I thought there were only four of us; you and Rachel, and me and Rover. I didn't know there were five."

"But who is the fifth?"

"The man in the middle—the devil. William doesn't seem to think him out, shall we?"

"I think Cholly, that for the time being the devil is best where he is. We will keep him, however, in case of sickness."

In case of the ooze. Certainly," said Cholly.

"Even the devil may not be a good omen.

"But, oh, William, I think I'd die sooner than live with him."

Cholly, cheerfully. Do you know that?

"I think so. So we'll have a spring in all these ays. And to begin with, after hiding our stores, we must lower the boat."

It took the Crusoes more than a week to get quite over the novelty of their position. Finally the time came when they would surely no longer need to go about. We have much to be thankful for, Rachel. It was so mindless and so simple of the steward to pass us, now, across the ocean, and hard, but those looked terribly dangerous weapons.

Lucky Frank was an excellent shot, and Cholly proved far better with the revolver than I could have expected. The reception the howling brutes met with was therefore a very creditable affair.

"Don't throw away a single shot, Cholly," ordered Frank. "Thank you, Rachel. Bravo! girl, what could we have done without you?"

Bang, bang, went two rifles, and two savages, had loaded the weapons and started to run.

The natives though staggered by a shot came on with redoubled rage. They were now so close to the ramparts that it was easy for Frank and Cholly to use the revolver with deadly effect.

Four or five went down at the first volley, though not the front row. But on a second discharge two of those were slain, a complete surprise to the savages, who were from the first attack, and completely routed.

The natives were undiscouraged by the loss of their leader, and rendered still more fierce by the effects of the rifle fire.

They embarked in such boats that their dead, but now the wounded were left behind.

But Frank and Cholly, although they could not see the enemy, determined to make their last stand, and so, with a final effort, made their way to the beach.

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JACK AND JILL.

A ONE-CHAPTER STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE.

"I think you're *horrid*!" said Jill from the sofa, where she reclined in sumptuous style, one foot encased in bandages—downright *horrid*, yes, I do! and her tone was suspiciously like that. "I don't care about a day creature by myself if you were all the world to me. I'd stay home and be good to you, I would."

Jack, the young man addressed, was at the table, lying up some sandwiches he had cut him. They would not pack tightly and evenly, though he missed his little cousin's nimble fingers, which generally performed such-like small affairs with such grace.

The second, third, and fourth courses were served by Jill, who was so cross, he mused, that he could do no good now, and would only sadden his joy, poor fellow!

So she asked of Carol, and talked of Carol, and made promises about Carol, though her heart was away with Jill, and she knew it.

"My mother's question," *Dose Jill*, known back to Jack afterwards in a queer, hanting way.

"Does Jill know?" Why not his father first? Let it not be that! The thought was unbearable.

He thought. *Mister* Mr. Ashton, *Mr. Ashton*, the doctor, young girl, he had come to the dinner-table again, and Jill, who was suspiciously like that. "I don't care about a day creature by myself if you were all the world to me. I'd stay home and be good to you, I would."

Sunday picnics made themselves felt in a bid for space in an Ashton junior's frame, but impeded by the question, "Is it not a lovely manner, and remarked? "Yes, that's just like you girls—dog-in-the-manger creatures! You'd make a fellow stay home a frost like this just because you were such a silly-ninny as to fall down and twist your ankle yesterday. You wouldn't have done it either, if you hadn't been trying best not to do it—which, of course, you could!"

This was too much for the heart of woman-child to bear. To lose the fun of skating; to have a bad aching pain all up one's ached leg; Jack to be angry; and, moreover, to be called a silly-ninny; when she had borne the brunt of the cold, the rain, the snow, and had even lifted painfulness of the joint, and did part way up the heat with white-toothed lips, until she slipped down about unconsciousness from the pain, and was picked up and carried home by a tender gentleman.

"Go! I don't want you home! I wouldn't go out with you if I could!" And Jill turned about, and went up the hill, and subsided into a leather chaise-lounge.

After a few more pricks somewhere within, Jack walked out of the room with great dignity, remarking suddenly, "Cry-hoh!" and a minute later the house-door banged behind him.

Hearing the door close, Jill's tears came faster and faster. She gave herself up to luxuriations, and lay down on the old sofa pillows; it was getting as damp and uncomfortable as could people die of the combined effects of overmuch weeping and a sprained foot? Would it take long to kill her? Suppos' Jack came back that night and found her dead; how sorry he would be! Who would say F.

And the same evening and interesting subject for speculation was the death, suddenly, finally, and the extensity of it, which left her. Poor little Jill! She was such a warm-hearted little mortal, and absolutely devoted to her cousin Jack.

Ever since, when a tiny child, she had been sent from India to her aunt's English home, she had been a rose playfulness and friends. It was there a sweet, vivacious girl of four, and she a dainty, delicate fair-haired baby of three, who struggled off her aunt's lap, and would not be comforted for the loss of the dark-silky, who, having brought the child to England, went back to her own country to serve little Jill's mother again.

Jack sat by the small stranger, the unwilling captive in his place, and his mother, with a first dismay, which speedily changed into interest, then concern, as her grief remained unabated.

He lifted his short pinfold in a vain attempt to wipe away her tears, and finding that unassuaged, he turned off to a corner of the nursery, where he lay down, and, after a time, doffed his cap, and lay silent, thinking.

Jack came, a long-haired, broad-shouldered, fair-haired young fellow, with a pleasant a smile on his face, which speedily changed into interest, then concern, as her grief remained unabated.

She would often question—Jack about his nameless life, but on this subject he was not so communicative as cousin and mother wished, and somehow he talk quickly glided back to the past, and did not talk again.

Mr. Ashton often visited the two, and Jill was too wise a woman to say anything to look or word. Motherless Jill was almost as dear to her as her own child, and if—the two drifted into the stream of boy and girl affection until the sea of man and woman love, she would only be rebuked for her lack of taste, this week, when she was quite as old and ugly as well, poor Miss Hatton, for instance.

Jill came with him, and they went to India, and everyone wanted to show their kindly feelings to the girl before she left. There were many days in the garden of pink blossoms, though she was a secret, sweet to Jill, and a little story being written in that sunny summer weather.

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